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Weak and small as I am
On the foaming beach of the ocean,
In the day of trouble I shall be
Of more service to thee than three hundred salmon*.

Elffin, of notable qualities,
Be not displeased at thy misfortune;
Although reclined, thus weak, in my bag †,
There dwells a virtue in my tongue.
While I continue thy protector,
Thou hast not much to fear.
Through a remembrance of the names of the Trinity,
None shall be able to harm thee.

* *

ENGLISH POETRY.

THE SOLILOQUY OF A BARD, ON THE SPOT,

After the last Conflict ‡ in Snowdon.

FROM THE WELSH.

Lo! the heroic heap I see,
My country's sons that once were free;
They fell a falling land to save,
And grateful Cambria decks the grave.

Insatiate Saxons §—there they lie,
Their spirits dare you from the sky;
Eternal rivals—fiends despair!
For Vice and Virtue meet not there.

Again I see you point the dart,
Its purpose fell—the patriot heart;

* Alluding to the failure of his fishery.

† This has reference to the leathern bag, in which he is said to have been found, when taken up in Elffin's wear.

‡ The politic Edward well knew, though Llewelyn was dead, that the country was unsubdued while the recesses of Snowdon were unexplored: here, therefore, it was, that in a morass (the Thermopylæ of Cambria) these heroes were attacked by the Earl of Warwick, who, after a most sanguinary conflict, by a superiority in numbers and tactics, prevailed over this intrepid band struggling for the expiring independence of their country, and who, when they failed to conquer, chose to fall.

NOTES TO "BEAUMARIS BAY."

§ The various invaders of England were, and still are, denominated Sæson, (Saxons), as in the Levant every European distinction is lost in the word Frank.

Yet know—this arm no Saxon fears,
Though Cambria's fields are wet with tears.

Again I hear the dire decree,
That bids fair Freedom cease to be ;
The world, that Edward wants, we give —
The good, the brave, disdain to live.

Yet England's sons, in future times,
Shall read in blood their father's crimes ;
Concealed in flowers * I see the spear,
The thorns that shall their vitals tear.

Yes, yes ! the day, that marks their doom,
Again shall see my country bloom—
To Britain—Britain's race restore,
And bid Contention cease to roar.

For me divides yon bursting cloud,
The flash † descends in summons loud ;
I rise to join yon hallow'd host,
Nor fall to swell a tyrant's boast. LLWYD.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE PENNILLION.

See pp. 29, and 30, *ante*.

I.

In winter's cold no cuckoo sings,
Ner sounds the harp without its strings,
Dumb too the heart, as well we know,
When stifling sorrow lurks below.

II.

In yonder wood, 'neath yon oak-tree,
Lay me, when I'm dead, I crave ;
And soon the minstrel youth you'll see
Tune his wild harp o'er my grave.

III.

The man, to whom the harp is dear,
Who loves the sound of song and ode,
Will cherish all that's cherish'd there,
Where angels hold their blest abode :

* This evidently alludes to the long and destructive war of the roses.

† In antient times, a flash of lightning was the Messenger sent for the favourites of Heaven.